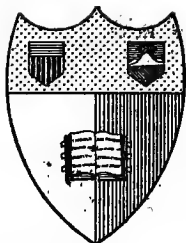


SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS



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SHAKESPEARE'S
SONNETS

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD
OXFORD BASIL BLACKWELL
M C M X X I

The text of this edition of SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS was printed by the late A. H. BULLEN at the SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. The Foreword and Note were printed in 1921. This edition is one of Four hundred and ten copies only, of which this is Number 45

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TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
M^r . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
P R O M I S E D .

BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
S E T T I N G .
F O R T H .

T . T .

FOREWORD

IT is little over a year since A. H. Bullen wrote the closing sentences of his last contribution to the study of Elizabethan literature. He was already more ill than he knew, and the Note appended to the present edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* was completed in pencil (hardly more than two pages of the MS. are in ink) by February 23, 1920. Six days later he died, leaving the text of the *Sonnets* already printed off under his direction, and only awaiting his final account of them.

That account is now printed, without addition or comment, from Bullen's MS. His first text of the *Sonnets* had appeared in 1905, with a five page Note written in May of that year. A second issue, without a Note, was printed in 1912.¹ In preparing the revised Note for the present edition, he worked at first upon that of May, 1905, and the two opening pages of his MS., written on leaves of an old note book, are co-extensive with the first two pages of the original Note, from which they differ hardly at all. Then there is a complete break, and the latter part of the Note, entirely re-written and altered from that of 1905, is continued in pencil on sheets of writing paper.

For the second issue, planned years before it appeared, Bullen's original intention had been not only to suppress his own Note, but to obtain an Introduction from Swinburne. Failing in this, he issued his plain text in 1912, and at length in 1920 revised his original work. The last

¹I have not seen a copy of this issue, and my authority for the statement is Bullen's secretary, who has been good enough to read the proofs of this Foreword.

Foreword letter in the collection of Swinburne's correspondence published in 1918 was addressed to Bullen on January 11, 1909, and contains this passage: "I should be glad to do anything which you would take as a personal compliment, but I could not undertake the task proposed. The best possible introduction to the *Sonnets* was many years ago prefixed by François Victor Hugo to his matchless and marvellous translation of them. You could not possibly, in my opinion, do better than get some competent scholar to send you by way of preface a close and careful version of it."

It would ill become the successors of Arthur Henry Bullen to issue his final work without making some public acknowledgement of the debt which is due to him alike from English literature and English scholarship. He had them both in his blood, for his father, George Bullen, C.B., LL.D., was for many years Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, and the habit of scholarship was ingrained; as early as 1884 we find the son declaring in print that "the loss of an armoraleg would be as light price for a genuine student to pay if only he could discover one new fact about Shakespeare's history"¹ A. H. Bullen was educated at the City of London School, and went up as an Open Classical Scholar to Worcester College, Oxford, where he took a First in Classical Mods. in 1877, a Third in Greats in 1878, and the degree of B.A. in 1879. It is not improbable that the magnificent collection of

¹ Preface to Paltock's *Peter Wilkins*.

seventeenth century literature in Worcester College Library may have done its work in forming his early tastes, and we know that Swinburne's studies on Ford and Chapman did for him something of what Charles Lamb did for Swinburne himself as a boy at Eton.¹ At any rate, although Bullen occupied himself for some time after leaving Oxford in preparing pupils for the Universities and Public Schools, his interest in the chosen period was shown almost immediately, for his seven volume² edition of the Works of John Day was completed as early as 1881.

In this decade, 1881-90, Bullen produced an astonishing amount of valuable work. Of the Elizabethan and seventeenth century dramatists he edited not only Day, but Marlowe,³ Middleton, Marston, Nabbes, Peele and Davenport, besides the anonymous play *Arden of Fever-sham*, and the sixteen pieces in the four annual volumes of *Old English Plays* (1882-5). All these books were published, or privately printed, in limited editions, and their direct influence on the mass of the general public was to that extent reduced, but their effect was far-reaching in that they made readable and accessible many Elizabethan plays which were hard to obtain, and some which were unobtainable. A privately printed edition

¹ Swinburne's letter to Bullen of June 19, 1882.

² They may be called "volumes," as they were separately paged, but "parts" would better represent their bulk.

³ This contained the best-known example of Bullen's acuteness as a textual critic; his interpretation of the mysterious "Oncaymaeon" of *Dr. Faustus*, I. i. 12., which had baffled all previous editors, as the Aristotelian *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*.

Foreword of 150 copies¹ is robbed of some of its efficacy, but it can at any rate reach the leaders, and Swinburne voiced the opinion of the enthusiast when he wrote on October 8, 1882: "I know no books of their kind better edited than your *Old English Plays*, including the Works of John Day; and I trust these are but the first-fruits of a noble harvest yet to be gathered in. I am eagerly awaiting the promised second volume of your collection."

For any ordinary man this would have been ample occupation for ten years. But Bullen did not neglect his other great interest, the lyric, and he produced within the same period his volume of selections from Drayton (selections which Swinburne thought "could not have been better made"); his edition of that exquisite and forgotten lyric poet Thomas Campion; his Christmas Garland of *Carols and Poems*; his reprints of the two Elizabethan Song-Books named *England's Helicon* (1600) and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602); and his own world-famous anthologies, *Lyrics* (with its second volume of *More Lyrics*) from the *Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age*, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists*, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances*, and the love poems of *Musa Proterva* and *Speculum Amantis*. These volumes, known wherever the English tongue is spoken, are their own best praise; they comprise a body of early lyric unmatched for beauty and variety, and they include many waifs rescued from forgotten print, like Captain Tobias Hume's "Fain would I change that note To which fond love hath

¹ This was the form in which Day and the *Old English Plays* (the second series of which included Nabbes and Davenport) appeared.

charmed me," or discovered in such unpublished MSS. as that in the Library of Christ Church from which Bullen drew the fine verses "Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord."¹

Even this tale does not exhaust the output of that marvellous decade, for during it he contributed articles to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, chiefly on English Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which enabled Leslie Stephen to "say with great confidence that his knowledge of that period is very remarkable, and, in some respects, probably unsurpassed." And there are still a few miscellaneous books to record: editions of Paltock's extraordinary romance of *Peter Wilkins*; of Izaak Walton's *Lives*; of a namesake William Bullein's *Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence*, 1578, published by the Early English Text Society; and of the first volume of a pamphlet-series of "Ancient Drolleries," *Cobbes Prophecies*, 1614. This series, like much of the earlier work, was insufficiently supported by the public,² and it came to an end with the second volume, *Pimlyco*, in 1891.³ Bullen had made unsuccessful application in 1889 for the Chair of English Language and Literature at University

¹ Among Bullen's services in this field may also be reckoned the publication in 1907 of the valuable collection of *Early English Lyrics* chosen by Mr. E. K. Chambers and Mr. Frank Sidgwick, who very appropriately dedicated it to him.

² The *Old English Plays*, however, were in great demand from the beginning, though he had printed too few copies to derive material benefit from this.

³ I am informed on good authority that No. 3, *Quips upon Questions*, was printed but never issued, and that it was announced as having "appeared" in Lawrence and Bullen's catalogue of Autumn, 1896.

Foreword College, London; he found himself without prospect of that usual reward of the English scholar, the honourable poverty of one of our greater Universities; he had learned the bitter lesson that scholarship is not a commercial asset, and yet with undaunted valour he turned publisher in earnest, and by the sheer excellence of his books caused the public to support good literature. In the twelve years from 1891 to 1902 Bullen wrote little himself—introduction to an edition of Anacreon with Thomas Stanley's translation, to *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and to the Poems of William Browne—but the firm of Lawrence and Bullen published a great deal of admirable work. Few book-lovers do not feel a thrill at the sight of the familiar peacock blue and gold of the original issue of the Muses' Library, with its editions of such poets as Blake and Gay and Marvell, Drummond and Henry Vaughan, Herrick and Waller, John Donne, Thomas Carew and William Browne. The policy of the "limited edition" was given up, except for large paper copies, and an attempt was made to interest existing book-lovers, and train new ones, by genuine good work. The editors and writers of introductions were sometimes poets of the standing of Swinburne or Mr. W. B. Yeats, sometimes scholars of repute, among whom were Mr. G. Thorn Drury, Mr. E. K. Chambers, Mr. W. C. Ward, G. A. Aitken, H. C. Beeching and Mr. George Saintsbury. The series was an undoubted success, and Mr. Robert Bridges's introduction to Keats was so good that a separate issue was printed.

There was also another series, of not less merit, begun in the Lawrence and Bullen period.¹ This consisted of translations of the acknowledged classics of early Italian and French prose fiction, Boccaccio, Masuccio, Straparola, Ser Giovanni and Rabelais; it was worthily printed and illustrated, and the books are good to handle and to read.²

In 1903 Bullen returned for a moment to anthologies, and wrote introductions for the volumes of *Shorter* and *Longer Elizabethan Poems* in *The English Garner*. But he was now fired with the ambition to print and publish a great edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works in the poet's native town, and for this purpose he acquired a lease of the house of Julius Shaw, the friend of Shakespeare and the first witness to his will. In this house, which has ever since been its home, Bullen founded the Shakespeare Head Press, and here from 1904 to 1907, two doors to the north of New Place, the type of the ten volumes of the Stratford Town Shakespeare was composed by Stratford men.

¹ Bullen left the firm of Lawrence and Bullen about 1900. Mr. Frank Sidgwick joined him in October, 1901, becoming a partner six months later. They published first in Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, and afterwards at 47, Great Russell Street, always under the style of A. H. Bullen, until March, 1907, when the partnership was dissolved. Mr. Sidgwick retained the Great Russell Street business until October, 1908, when the present company of Sidgwick and Jackson was founded. During the first ten months of the Shakespeare Head Press, from May, 1904, to March, 1905, Mr. Sidgwick was at Stratford, and Bullen remained in London; thereafter they changed places.

² The translation of *The Decameron* was by John Payne, but a new one by J. M. Rigg, with the same illustrations, was issued later (in 1903) in a smaller size, and uniform with it (in 1904) a new issue of the Urquhart and Motteux *Rabelais* in three volumes (the earlier one had been in two).

Foreword The successful completion of this great undertaking,¹ to which several experts contributed, is the more remarkable in that Bullen was engaged at the same time on a Variorum text of Beaumont and Fletcher, which he published jointly with Messrs. George Bell & Sons. This edition was to have been completed in twelve volumes, of which only four appeared (in 1904-5-8-12); but among its editors were Mr. W. W. Greg, Dr. R. B. McKerrow, Mr. E. K. Chambers and Mr. P. A. Daniel, and it is regrettable that a really valuable text of Beaumont and Fletcher should remain unfinished.

Bullen's literary history after his migration to Stratford is chiefly the history of the Shakespeare Head Press. This was not his only interest, for he also published elsewhere, and one of his greatest books, Dr. McKerrow's edition of Nashe, was printed in Oxford and issued from Great Russell Street.² There were other adventures too, and we have it on "Katherine Tynan's" authority that "he was most happily at home during the good year"³

¹ Bullen's part in the work is more important than the mere extent of his fifty odd pages of "Brief notes on the Text" might suggest. They contain valuable matter, and among his emendations the reading "mates the senses vouch" for the corrupt "makes the senses rough" of 1 *Henry VI*, v, iii, 70-1, has been singled out for well-deserved applause.

² Vols. i and ii, 1904, vol. iii, 1905, vol. iv, 1908. Vol. v, 1910, has the imprint of Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

³ 1906. The sub-editor was Dr. McKerrow. Miss Tynan adds: "I doubt if there was ever as good a magazine as that while it lasted." *Bookman*, April, 1920. The period of Bullen's editorship was from February to the end of the year. He ran the magazine somewhat on the old lines, with a view to readers who were not mere specialists but took a cultivated interest in antiquities generally; and for such a public he undoubtedly did excellent work. He enforced anonymity, but wrote himself in the paper and

when he edited *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Lord Northcliffe." But in general the Shakespeare Head Press absorbed his time, and he gave up to the encouragement and help of his authors and editors, and to the practical and necessary details of a publisher's office, much of the eager energy which had enabled him to produce alone¹ four dozen volumes between the years 1881 and 1890. In some ways this is regrettable; the "dream² of following the Stratford Town Shakespeare by editions of all the Elizabethan dramatists" was unfulfilled, though a certain amount of preliminary work had been carried through. But in other ways literature benefited by his unselfishness. The publications of the Shakespeare Head Press are no negligible contribution to the cause of good scholarship and good printing in England. They include, in original writing, the eight volumes of the *Collected Works of Mr. W. B. Yeats*,³ selected by the poet and containing much otherwise unprocurable matter. In criticism, there are the scholarly papers in the volumes of Mr. Charles Crawford's *Collectanea*, and of Mr. W. J. collected good contributors, and he was conscious of having found at last exactly the post for which he was fitted. The magazine was gradually becoming known, and his severance from it at the end of 1906 was a blow from which he never entirely recovered.

¹ "Alone" is used in no narrow sense; Bullen had valuable help from Professor C. H. Firth, F. G. Fleay and others. But none the less his issues of 1881-90 were an Atlantean task.

² A writer in the *Bookman's Journal*, March 12, 1920, states that Bullen spoke to him of such a project in 1917.

³ From the earliest days Bullen had confidence in Mr. Yeats's work and gave him generous help and championship. No notice of Bullen would be complete without some mention also of his long-standing friendship with George Gissing, perhaps the only novelist whom he really admired.

Foreword Lawrence's *The Elizabethan Playhouse*; and among editions of older English authors there is the admirable work of Professor G. C. Moore Smith on Gabriel Harvey, and Mr. Montague Summers' *The Rehearsal*, and his six volumes of the Plays of Aphra Behn. A full list of the valuable books issued would be tedious and unnecessary; it is enough to claim for Bullen's publications the benefit of his ripe judgement and his remarkable knowledge.

Bullen had long come to his own as a scholar and outlived the early neglect of some of his work; the "systematic injustice and apparent envy or malevolence"¹ of his early reviewers could no longer affect his position. When he died he had been for some years in enjoyment of a Civil List Pension conferred on him by his old schoolfellow and contemporary at Oxford, Mr. H. H. Asquith. More valuable than this was the universal respect of English scholars. As early as 1889 his position had been recognised by good judges at home and abroad; Swinburne and John Addington Symonds had borne witness to his ability both in research and in appreciative criticism; M. A. Beljame had acknowledged the value "non seulement de son savoir, mais aussi de son jugement littéraire, aussi sûr que délicat"; M. J. J. Jusserand had welcomed the *Collection of Old English Plays* as "surely the best addition made since the far-off days of Dodsley to our store of inedited plays"; and Delius in 1884 had lectured on one of them, the tragedy of Sir John Van Olden Barnaveit, in Berlin. Later tributes were not

¹ Swinburne's letter to Bullen of July 10-24, 1885, on the reception of his *Middleton*.

wanting, and we need only quote Dr. McKerrow's acknowledgement in the final volume of his *Nashe*, "To Mr. Bullen indeed the existence of the edition, which was first proposed to me by him, is entirely due." Those who are acquainted with that fine piece of Elizabethan scholarship should not forget, in their gratitude to the editor, their gratitude to his publisher and prompter.¹

And with all this, Bullen had the modesty of the true scholar. He knew indeed, and did not hesitate to proclaim, the value of what he had done. He wrote in the preface to his fourth volume of *Old English Plays*, "I may be pardoned for regarding the Collection with some pride. Six of the sixteen plays are absolutely new, printed for the first time; and I am speaking within bounds when I declare that no addition so substantial has been made to the Jacobean drama since the days of Humphrey Moseley and Francis Kirkman." But he knew also, as every scholar does, the inevitable limitations of even the best work, and he did not always succeed in satisfying his own high standard. With his Marston, in particular, he was never content, and even before his edition of that difficult author appeared he spoke of it as "the most laborious and irritating work that ever I undertook."²

¹ One other example of the same kind is too important for omission. To Bullen also Elizabethan scholars owe Mr. W. W. Greg's three admirable volumes, *Henslowe's Diary* (1904-8) and *The Henslowe Papers* (1907), all of which he published. In the preface to the *Diary* Mr. Greg writes: "Lastly my best thanks are due to my friend Mr. A. H. Bullen, who originally suggested to me the idea of the present edition, volunteering himself to undertake the publication, and further supplied many helpful suggestions during the course of the work."

² Letter of December 22, 1886, to Henry Daniel, the late Provost of Worcester, *penes me*.

Foreword

Since Bullen's prime there has been some change in the methods of English scholarship; the demands made upon editors are more exacting; science has invaded the domain of literature, and it would be impossible now for the expert to do justice to an output which Bullen, working untiringly but on the broader lines of his day, was able to produce. But the aesthetic value of his books to all lovers of English literature is unimpaired, and no juster tribute has yet been paid to the man than that which Mr. Charles Whibley published only a few days after his death. "No man of his time has more profoundly studied or more wisely interpreted the literature of the Elizabethan age than he . . . He thought no pains excessive, if only he might correct a faulty reading or attain to a perfect accuracy . . . His ear was so carefully attuned to the verse of his chosen period, his learning was so wide and so deep, that few will ever challenge the boldest of his ascriptions . . . Above all, he was a great discoverer. He brought to light from the old songs, printed or in manuscript, many an unknown treasure . . .

"He has won honour not only by the work which he did himself, but by the work which he inspired others to do. 'The Shakespeare Head Press,' which he established at Stratford-on-Avon, claims for itself a place in history. There, indeed, sentiment and scholarship joined hands. The house in which the press stood was of Shakespeare's time. A. H. Bullen, who managed it, was not merely a typographer; he was the master, as few are masters, of the lore which belonged to Shakespeare and his contemporaries. That he should have printed the works of Shake-

speare not far from the place where their author spent the last years of his life was just and proper . . . He achieved much, he planned much that he did not achieve, and he has left all those who care for the understanding of our English literature under a deep debt of gratitude. And I would that the press so long the object of his care and pride might still survive to carry out some of the plans which he cherished to the end."

It is the hope of the present directors of the Shakespeare Head Press that this aspiration may now be fulfilled. They are anxious that the Press should produce no work unworthy of its traditions, whether in scholarship or in printing; and it is with full appreciation of the handing on of the torch that they issue, as their first publication, the final word upon a literary problem of universal interest of the great scholar whom they succeed.

H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH.

Oxford. April 1921.



I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's *Rose* might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

B





II

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being askt where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine !
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.





III

LOOK in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another ;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, rememb'red not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.





IV

UNTHRIFTY loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.





V

THOSE hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel :
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there ;
Sap checkt with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where :
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.





VI

THEN let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee :
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.





VII

LO, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way :
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.





VIII

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."





IX

IS it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.





X

FOR shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;
For thou art so possest with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.





XI

AS fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou may'st call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish :
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.





XII

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.





XIII

O THAT you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
O, none but unthrifths : dear my love, you know
You had a father ; let your son say so.





XIV

NOT from the stars do I my judgement pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate :
Thy end is Truth's and Beauty's doom and date.





XV

WHEN I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checkt even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.





XVI

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.





XVII

WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er toucht earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rime.

c





XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.





XIX

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived Phœnix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.





XX

A WOMAN'S face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.





XXI

SO is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixt in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well:
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.





XXII

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.





XXIII

AS an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.





XXIV

MINE eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.





XXV

LET those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlookt for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.





XXVI

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my totter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.





XXVII

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.





XXVIII

HOW can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress?
And each (though enemies to either's reign)
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
stronger.





XXIX

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark' at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love rememb' red such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.





XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanisht sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.





XXXI

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone :
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.





XXXII

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover :
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
“Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.”





XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon. permit the basest clouds to rise
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

D





XXXIV

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss ;
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheeds,
And they are rich, and ransome all ill deeds.





XXXV

NO more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing "their sins more than thy sins are" ;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.





XXXVI

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one ;
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.





XXXVII

AS a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store;
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!





XXXVIII

HOW can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.





XXXIX

O HOW thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!





XL

TAKE all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Althought thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.





XLI

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed ?
Ay me, but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.





XLII

THAT thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly ;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross :
But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;
Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.





XLIII

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected :
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.





XLIV

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.





XLV

THE other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, opprest with melancholy ;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.





XLVI

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To cide this title is impaneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part :
As thus ; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.





XLVII

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famisht for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast;
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.





XLVIII

HOW careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lockt up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.





XLIX

A GAINST that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desart,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

E





L

HOW heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot pvoke him on
That sometimes anger thrust into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.





LI

THUS can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire (of perfect'st love being made)
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.





LII

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not ev'ry hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lackt, to hope.





LIII

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.





LIV

O HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They lived unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.





LV .

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.





LVI

SWEET love, renew thy force ; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharp'ned in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad *int'rim* like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.





LVII

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your Will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.





LVIII

THAT god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time;
Do what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.





LIX

IF there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child !
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done !
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.





LX

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.





LXI

IS it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.





LXII

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopt with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.





LXIII

A GAINST my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crusht and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.





LXIV

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.





LXV

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

F





LXVI

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold Desert a beggar born,
And needy Nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest Faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded Honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden Virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And Strength by limping Sway disabled,
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
And Folly (doctor-like) controlling Skill,
And simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill :

Tir'd with all these, from these would I begone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.





LXVII

AH, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrout is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.





LXVIII

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head ;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.





LXIX

THOSE parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Utt'ring bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
Then, churls, their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.





LXX

THAT 'thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair!

The ornament of beauty is suspect,

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve

Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time,

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,

And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,

To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:

If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,

Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.





LXXI

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vildest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.





LXXII

O LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love,
After my death (dear love) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.





LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.





LXXIV

BUT be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is his due :
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body, being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.





LXXV

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.





LXXVI

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a notèd weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.





LXXVII

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurst, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.





LXXVIII

SO oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.





LXXIX

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.





LXXX

O HOW I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark (inferior far to his)
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride :
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this ; my love was my decay.





LXXXI

O R I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

G





LXXXII

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.





LXXXIII

I NEVER saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set ;
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt ;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.





LXXXIV

WHO is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story:
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.





LXXXV

MY tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polisht form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more ;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
(Though words come hindmost) holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.





LXXXVI

WAS it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lackt I matter; that enfeebled mine.





LXXXVII

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing :
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.





LXXXVIII

WHEN thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults cancel'd, wherein I am attainted ;
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory :
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.





LXXXIX

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.





XC

THEN hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come : so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.





XCI

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.





XCII

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend :
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.





XCIII

SO shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !





XCIV

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.





XCIV

HOW sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed (dear heart) of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.





XCVI.

SOME say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
But do not so ! I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.





XCVII

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time :
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

H





XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.





XCIX

THE forward violet thus did I chide :
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand ;
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex't thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.





C

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.





CI

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixt;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixt"?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.





CII

MY love is strength'ned, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.





CIII

ALACK, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside !
O, blame me not, if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.





CIV

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.





CV

LET not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.





CVI

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they lookt but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.





CVII

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.





CVIII

WHAT'S in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.





CIX

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify !
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my Rose ; in it thou art my all.





CX

A LAS, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;
Most true it is that I have lookt on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.





CXI

O FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.





CXII

YOUR love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp't upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.





CXIII

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

I





CXIV

OR whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.





CXV

THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer :
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things ;
Alas, why fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.





CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.





CXVII

ACCUSE me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate ;
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.





CXVIII

LIKE as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured :
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.





CXIX

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever !
O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.





CXX

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, y' have past a hell of time ;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have rememb'red
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tend'red
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits !
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.





CXXI

'TIS better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being ;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
No, I am that I am ; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
Unless this general evil they maintain—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.





CXXII

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity :
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be mist.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.





CXXIII

NO, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.





CXXIV

IF my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numb'ed hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.





CXXV

WERE 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeacht stands least in thy control.





CXXVI

O THOU, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;
If Nature (sovereign mistress over wrack)
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure :
Her *Audit*, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.





CXXVII

IN the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with Art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' hairs are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem :
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.





CXXVIII

HOW oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.





CXXIX

TH' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight ;
Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

K





CXXX

MY mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask't, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.





CXXXI

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.





CXXXII

THINE eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
O let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear Beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.





CXXXIII

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.





CXXXIV

SO, now I have confest that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.





CXXXV

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.





CXXXVI

IF thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none ;
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something, sweet, to thee :
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*.





CXXXVII

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.





CXXXVIII

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?
But wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not t' have years told :
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.





CXXXIX

O CALL not¹ me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erprest defence can bide ?
Let me excuse thee : ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies ;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :
Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.





CXL

BE wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know ;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.





CXLI

IN faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote ;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.





CXLII

LOVE is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, groundred on sinful loving :
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reprovng ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied !





CXLIH

LO, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.





CXLIV

TWO loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.





CXLV

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languisht for her sake :
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;
And taught it thus anew to greet ;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away ;
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

L





CXLVI

POOOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth—
My sinful earth these rebel powers array—
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.





CXLVII

MY love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease :
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly exprest ;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,*
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.*





CXLVIII

O ME, what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.





CXLIX

CANST thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.





CL

O FROM what power hast thou this pow'rful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state :
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.





CLI

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is ;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor trudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.





CLII

IN loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee
When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost :
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie !





CLIII

CUPID laid by his brand, and fell asleep :
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.





CLIV

THE little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.



NOTE

NOTE

THOUGH some of Shakespeare's Sonnets are difficult to interpret and a few are so cryptic as to baffle the most searching enquiry, it must be allowed that the text of the first collected edition—the 1609 quarto issued by Thomas Thorpe—is fairly free from serious corruption. George Wyndham (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, 1898) went so far as to suggest that Shakespeare himself saw the first edition through the press. He bases his novel contention on the use made of italics and capital letters, and on the punctuation; but his arguments fail to shake the generally accepted view that Thorpe's publication was unauthorised. If Shakespeare read the proofs his carelessness passes belief. Again and again "thy" is misprinted "their." Generally we can correct these misprints *currente calamo*, but in two instances the reading is doubtful. In xxxv, 8, the quarto gives:

Excusing their sins more than their sins are.

Malone (following Capell) changed "their . . . their" to "thy . . . thy"; Wyndham reads "thy . . . their"; and I have ventured (diffidently) to print:

Excusing "their sins more than thy sins are."

In lxxxv, 2-3, "While comments . . . Reserve their character," it is difficult to attach any meaning to the ordinary reading (which Wyndham dauntlessly defends); but if we regard "their" as a misprint for "thy" we must

Note change "Reserve" to some such word as "Rehearse" or "Record."

cxlvi, 2, presents great difficulty. The quarto reads:

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,

My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array.

It would certainly seem that the repetition "My sinfull earth" is a compositor's blunder; but as none of the many emendations proposed is satisfactory, I have followed (with Wyndham) the reading of Gerald Massey, who retains "My sinfull earth" in l. 2 and deletes the extra-metrical words "that thee."

In xx, 7, "A man in hew all *Hews*" &c., I keep the form "*Hews*." Tyrwhitt surmised from this passage that the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication may have been a Mr. William Hughes. (Beeching suggested that "*A man in*" may be a misprint for "*A maiden*.")

In cxxxv-vi and cxliii I spell "Will" with a capital "W" wherever that spelling is found in the quarto—leaving the reader to decide for himself (the choice is not always easy) whether in particular passages he will adopt "Will" or "will."

In ii, 4, and xxvi, 11, I keep "tøtter'd," the old form of "tatter'd"; and in cxxxviii, 12, I revert to the quarto's "*t'have* years told" ("years" having the value of a disyllable), though even Wyndham reads "to have."

MANY able scholars in recent years have given their Note
attention to the interpretation of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and particularly valuable are the editions of Dowden, Thomas Tyler, George Wyndham, and the late Dean of Norwich (H. C. Beeching).

Mr. C. Knox Pooler's edition (1918) in the "Arden" Shakespeare not only carefully incorporates the notes of previous editors but adds new suggestions that will be found helpful.

Very ingenious are the speculations of the late Thomas Tyler, who (aided in his researches by the Rev. W. A. Harrison) sought to establish that the Dark Lady was Mary Fitton, a peccant maid-of-honour to Queen Elizabeth. He assumed (with Bright, 1819, and Roaden, 1832) that the "Mr. W. H.," to whom the original publisher, Thomas Thorpe, dedicated the Sonnets, was William Herbert, who in January, 1600-1, became third Earl of Pembroke. W. A. Harrison in 1884 had shown from MS. letters preserved in the Record Office that in 1597 the parents of William Herbert were engaged in negotiations for his marriage to Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford and granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh. . . Both the Earl and Countess of Pembroke wrote to Lord Burleigh on August 16, 1597, expressing their satisfaction at the intended match. William Herbert, it would seem, had had an agreeable meeting with the young lady (a damsel of thirteen) and the Countess finds that her son's feelings accorded with her own wishes. She hopes the

Note affection is reciprocated. A fortnight later (September 3, 1597) it appears from a letter of Lord Pembroke's to Burleigh that two chief difficulties had arisen: first, a doubt as to whether the young lady would be bound by a marriage contracted at so early an age; and secondly, as to where the young lady should live while William Herbert was travelling as intended. William Herbert is however to come to town at the beginning of Parliament (Parliament met in October) and to make arrangements. On September 8 the Earl of Oxford, the father of the young lady, expresses his approval of the match, and says that the young gentleman has good parts, and has been well brought up. He thinks that Lord Pembroke, on account of his state of health, is anxious to see his son suitably married. Why the match was broken off does not appear. On February 5, 1600-1, Sir Robert Cecil, in a letter to Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, wrote: "We have no newes but that there is a misfortune befallen Mistris Fitton for she is proved with chyld and the E. of Pembroke beinge examyned confessith a fact but utterly renounceth all marriage. I feare they will both dwell in the Tower awhyle for the Queen hath vowed to send them thether"; and on the 25th of the following March Sir Toby Mathew informed Sir Dudley Carleton: "The Earl of Pembroke is committed to the fleet; his cause is delivered of a boy who is dead." The lady's father was indignant on his daughter's behalf, but plainly recognised that her hopes of marrying the

earl would not be realised, for on May 18 he wrote to Cecil: "I canne say nothinge of the Erle." On November 4, 1604, Pembroke married Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Note

Mary Fitton seems to have been a woman of bold dare-devil spirit. It is recorded that "during the time the Earl of Pembroke favoured her she would put off her head tire and tuck up her clothes and take a large white cloak and march as though she had been a man to meet the said Earl out of the Court." When her father sent her to Court to serve as Maid of Honour to the Queen, he had begged his old friend Sir William Knollys, Comptroller (and afterwards Treasurer) of the Household, to befriend the young lady and shield her from the perils of court-life, but Sir William fell violently in love with her, promising that (if she would favour his suit) he would marry her when his old wife—of whom he was desperately tired—should die. Mary Fitton was deaf to his blandishments, though she is thought to have been not always obdurate to younger admirers and is suspected of having given birth to two other illegitimate children beside the still-born son by Pembroke. Having sown her wild oats she married William Polewhele (captain of the *Lyons Whelpe*) about 1607. He died in 1609, and for her second husband she took Mr. or Captain Lougher, who died in 1636. By both husbands she had children. She died in 1647, in her seventieth year. It is clear that in her younger days Mary Fitton must have been a woman

Note of much attractiveness. She was a favourite with the Queen (before her *liaison* with William Herbert) and we know that she led the dance ("a strange dance newly invented") when the Queen attended the masque given at Lord Cobham's in June, 1600, in honour of the marriage of Lord Herbert (son of the Earl of Worcester). If it could be shown that Shakespeare knew Mary Fitton we might be allowed to surmise that he had been infatuated by her, for her charms and accomplishments and beauty could hardly have left him cold. But we have no evidence that he ever met her; and another objection is that in both her portraits (preserved at Arbury) she is represented as a fair woman with light brown hair and gray blue eyes. Of course Shakespeare's description of the Dark Lady may be an intentional exaggeration, and it is possible that the Arbury portraits (though they are fairly well authenticated) may not really be portraits of Mary Fitton; but the Arbury portraits cannot be lightly set aside. Tyler suggests that there is an indelicate punning allusion to the name "Fitton" in the one hundred and fifty-first sonnet (ll. 9-10). Certainly that sonnet is packed with ribaldry, but Tyler's ingenious suggestion is not convincing, and his whole solution of the puzzle of the Sonnets fails to commend itself to cautious scholars. Possibly some day may be discovered a letter or diary of some friend of Shakespeare's, written about the time of the publication of the Sonnets and identifying Mr. W. H., the Dark Lady and the Rival Poet. More probably the

mystery will never be solved. To this day nobody has been able to discover who was Maria, the *amie intime* of the great Honoré de Balzac, though he died in 1850, when people were infinitely more curious than they were in 1616 on the subject of gathering biographical particulars about famous contemporary writers. Let us console ourselves for our ignorance with words from Matthew Arnold's sonnet on Shakespeare:

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still.
 . . . Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech on that victorious brow.

February, 1920.

A. H. BULLEN.

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